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Poetry.

From The New York Courier.

Hymn of the Atlantic Cable.

Row, Science, bow thy head in awe,
With lightning chain in hand,
Be still, as through the ocean's depths,
Thou bindest land to land;

For thou hast wrought a miracle,
Next to the Son of God,
Thou walkest down on sea's dark floor,
High on its waves He trod.

He holds the lightning in the cloud,
And thou within the wave,
And wind and wave, which yield to Him,
Thou hast had power to brave.

Then tremble thou before thyself,
So near to God akin;
That to thy hand His power comes,
And seems to dwell therein;

And hushed and trembling thank the Lord,
For favor on thee shed,
That thou, through seas, with lightning chain,
Two Continents hast wed.

Life.

Like the falling of a star,
Or as the flight of eagles are;
Like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood—
E'en such is man; whose borrowed light,
Is straight called in, and paid at night.
The wind blows out the bubble dies,
The Spring entombed in Autumn lies;
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is passed—and man forgot.

PHINEAS FLETCHER, 1630.

Popular Tales.

[From The Ladys' Repository, for August.]

"A PATCH ON THE KNEE AND GLOVES ON."

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

PART II.

Boston Dec 27, 1856.

My dear good aunt,—You don't happen to know, do you, whether or not my father was delirious when he decreed that I should spend my eighteenth year with aunt Augusta? Because, if he was, I am coming home.—You ask what aunt said about the ginger tea. Not a word to me, but poor Hannah's eyes were swollen with crying all the next day. I felt so sorry for her that I inwardly vowed that nothing short of absolute starvation should induce me to enter the kitchen again.

I have been obliged to make all my dresses smaller, and, as aunt Augusta encouragingly says, begin to look gracefully languid and delicate. Four weeks more of dieting—or, rather, *not dieting*—and there will be nothing of me left but my dresses.

It will be rather difficult, aunty, to gratify you with a correct picture of our daily life, because, with all your thrift, you don't begin to know the value of a biscuit. Bread is our staple, and though the Bible expressly declares that man can not live by bread alone, my aunt persists in refusing to apply this principle to our sex, and insists that it shows a perverted taste to hanker, as I do, after the flesh-pots of Egypt. There is always cake stored in some unknown corner of the house in readiness for unexpected company, but our common fare, in spite of its garnishing of cut-glass and silver, is very much like Dennit M'Pherson's "shoulther o' nothin' without vegetables."

I get along better than the rest, for Hannah, in consideration of being allowed a share of the cake, is always ready to smuggle a supply of contraband crackers and gingerbread into my chamber. These, of necessity, are rather dry, and I am obliged to eat them just before retiring to rest in order to be secure from interruption, and the unseasonable meal does not promote health or sleep.

You must know that I obtained permission to have a fire in my room, on condition that I paid for the coal. The fact of my paying an exorbitant price for board is wholly ignored. I am always spoken of as a visitor, it being ungenteel to take boarders.

I forgot to tell you that my aunt and cousins, with coarse check aprons to cover their elegant silk morning wrappers, and with half-gloves to protect their hands, have been in the habit of spending the forenoon in a little back sitting-room, occupied in sewing for the slop-shops. Hannah takes the work in her own name, and is usually supposed to be a miracle of industry. A fire is always ready to be lighted in the parlor, and whenever any of their fashionable associates come in for a morning call, it is the work of a moment to throw off apron and gloves and to assume all the grace of elegant leisure. Hannah is instructed to light the parlor fire on her way to the door.

Well, aunt Mary, I had no sooner found myself comfortable in my own room, by my own fire, than the back sitting-room was abandoned, and my dear relatives came, slop-work and all, to help me enjoy myself.

"You see," said aunt Augusta, "there is plenty of room here, and it is so much better than littering the room below."

Even when they are engaged with company in the evening, Master Fred is sent here to get his lessons.

"Mother," said Harriet this morning, "have you seen Susy Brigham's new brocade? I am dying for one like it."

"Well, dear, don't fret," replied my aunt, with a significant glance at my cozy fire, "perhaps we save enough this winter to get one."

I will not forget to tell you a little circumstance that happened yesterday morning, and which vexed me considerably.—Harriet came into the room shivering with the cold and crouched down on the carpet before the grate while I dressed. Hannah makes my fire as soon as she gets up and the room was quite warm. Harriet sat still awhile watching me, and I had almost forgotten her presence when she suddenly exclaimed, "Goodness! cousin, do you wear flannels?"

"I hope so. Don't you!"

"No. I have n't any thing of the sort. Are they comfortable?"

"Very. I thought that in this variable climate flannel was a necessity."

"If it was we could not afford it."

"The Italian corsets that you and Jane are daily squeezed into cost more."

"But those are necessary. Madame Dumont says we should have no form without them."

"Nonsense. I never wore a thing of the sort in my life, and my figure is better than yours."

"Better? You are much larger."

"Because I have had room to breathe."

"Well, I couldn't live without them; they brace me, and I feel better snugly dressed."

"On the principle of the Esquimaux, who wear a light belt to relieve, in some degree, the agonies of starvation."

"Of whom are you speaking, cousin?"

"Of the Esquimaux."

"I don't know them. Country people, are they not?"

"Yes. But speaking of flannel, Harriet, I will give you money enough to buy it, if you will make it up and wear it."

She took the bill that I offered her, and was thanking me in her languid way when my aunt came in.

"Not dressed, Margaret! Breakfast is nearly ready."

"I will be down directly."

"See, mother," said Harriet, "cousin Margaret has given me this to purchase flannel."

"Flannel! for what purpose, child?"

"To wear, mother. She wears it, and she does not suffer from the cold as I do."

"She is less fragile and delicate, my dear. But since she has generously given you the money it shall be expended for you. Let me see; it is five dollars. Hannah got twenty for those awkward-looking bracelets that your grandmother gave you, and when this week's work is carried home we can get a set of cameos like Emma Moseley's. Your new dress of white satin only needs cameos to perfect it. I am sure we are greatly obliged to you, Margaret."

They went down stairs exulting, and left me mentally vowing that on no pretense should another penny of mine help to sustain such hollow and really shabby gentility. In my next I will explain to you why I see so little society, and why I suffer myself to pass for a country blunderhead. In the mean time, I am Your affectionate

MAGGIE.

BOSTON, Jan. 1.

My Dear Aunt,—A happy New-Year to you! For once I have a morning to myself, for my cousins are going through the usual farce of receiving calls and compliments from any one who choose to claim the privilege. My aunt graciously gave me permission to stay in my room instead of occupying my usual corner, where I generally pass unnoticed. It is my aunt's wish that I attract as little attention as possible till Harriet is settled in life. I do not approach the piano unless Harriet needs my assistance in practicing her lessons; and as to drawing, I have not yet unpacked my pencils and brushes. I have leisure, but no quiet. You will shake your head, I fear, and prophesy that Harry's instructions will be wholly lost, but I am sure I could not sketch a post and rail fence among all this slop-work.

Yesterday's mail brought a long letter from Harry, who has at last got his diploma and is a venerable M. D. He complains, in his whimsical manner, of the general healthiness of the season which prevents an exhibition of his skill.

You ask if my aunt Augusta has not yet attempted to subdue the free speech and independent manner about which you have so often lectured. Harry mischievously inquires if she has tamed me. As if I were a wild beast. Well, to satisfy you both, I will confess that I attend morning lectures, afternoon lectures, and evening lectures all on the same theme—propriety. And I have not yet acquired the prescribed width of a fashionable yawn, or the true compass of a sneeze.

I was passing the front door this morning on my way to my room, when my attention was attracted by the screams of a little girl who was crossing the street from the opposite walk. She was bonnetless and shoeless, and her little pinched foot looked blue and cold through the holes of her stockings. Hannah, who was polishing the door-knob, stopped short in her work, and after gazing a moment at the child, exclaimed, "Why, it's Milly!"

"Who is Milly?" I asked.

"A little girl that Pete Shaw has taken from the alms-house. He uses her dreadfully."

Just then the said Pete came in sight armed with a huge whip, and striding wrathfully along with the whip half raised in anticipation of the torture it was ready to inflict. Whether the child saw sympathy in my looks I am unable to say; but she sprang up the steps and clung to my dress, begging me in the most imploring tones to protect her and send her to her mammy at the alms-house. Her childish cries only served to enrage the man still farther, but my presence operated as a transient restraint upon him, and he bowed surlily as he ordered the child to come down into the street. "Come down here, you young imp! I'll pay you for this. You won't kick up all this row for nothing, you'd better believe."

He saw that the passers by were pausing to observe him, and he was evidently in a hurry to retreat from his unenviable position.

"Don't hinder her, Miss." I had stooped down and put my arms round the child.—"You do it at your peril, I tell ye. I'll have the law on ye."

"The law!" I repeated contemptuously. "It is brutes like you who should fear the law."

"Margaret! Margaret!" called my aunt from the breakfast room, "you will please to close that door!"

I looked down upon the crowd below, and in many an eye I read sympathy for the poor unfortunate child, and an evident loathing of her persecutor.

"Margaret! Margaret!" still called my aunt.

"Hand over that brat or you'll rue it," fairly bellowed Peter Shaw.

"Is there no one here," I asked, "who will take this poor child back to the alms-house and give the overseers a true account of its barbarous treatment?"

My aunt was at the door now, pulling my dress with one hand and pushing the child back with the other. "For shame, Margaret!" she said angrily.

"I will give this bill—it is three dollars—to any two men who will carry back the child."

"What nonsense, Margaret!" said my aunt, still pulling and pushing.

Two noblemen, in mason's attire, sprang up the steps and took the child.

"No, no," said the foremost one; "keep your money. Come, little one, you're as safe as if ye were in the top of the old South Church."

I no longer resisted the efforts of my aunt who drew a sigh of exceeding relief when the crowd was silenced. I only got a glimpse of Pete Shaw, as he shook his brawny fist at me and walked off. I resignedly obeyed my aunt's gesture and followed her back into the breakfast-room, as sure of a lecture as if I had taken it.

"Sit down, Margaret," she began. "Let me know what occasioned this disgraceful uproar at my door."

I told her the story in few words. My cousins exchanged looks of astonishment, and Fred laughed as if it were a very comical affair indeed. I suppose I looked very indignant, for he began an apology. "I am sorry"—

"Be silent, Frederick," interrupted his mother. "Will you be so kind, Margaret, as to tell me if you have been educated without any regard to decorum?"

"If you mean to ask, aunt, whether I have been taught to be wholly unmindful of the sorrows of others, I must confess that that is a branch of study of which my aunt Mary is ignorant, and, as a matter of course, her niece is no wiser."

"Because," continued aunt Augusta, "it is a very unfortunate circumstance for a young lady to grow up without any sense of propriety—a young lady of fortune, too, and not deficient in natural talent."

"I thought, aunt," I answered demurely, "that my wealth was not to be mentioned here, lest it should mar the matrimonial prospects of my cousins."

"If this little hit did not bring down the house," it produced a perceptible sensation, and had the immediate effect of softening my aunt's magisterial deportment.

"I suppose," I said, when I had sufficiently enjoyed the annoyance of my monitress, "that you have something more to say to me. You did not call me back merely to inquire about my education."

"No, Margaret. I wished to tell you that you are too impulsive, and that this morning's event must not occur again. You must curb that morbid sympathy that leads you beyond the bounds of decorum. Do you suppose that a truly-refined and delicate lady would have been caught in the awkward place that you occupied this morning, gazed at by the rabble and hugging a dirty pauper from the alms-house! Be candid, Margaret, and own that you would have been amazed if your cousins or myself had been found in such circumstances."

"That is true."

"You see, Margaret, that you are apt to overstep the limits prescribed by genteel society. It is in part owing to your early training, but it is also constitutional. Your mother had the same trait. I have seen her leave a refined circle of friends to rescue a kitten that some boys were amusing themselves with. Fie, Margaret! In tears!"

"I can't help it. My darling mother!"

"Well, well, I'm sorry I mentioned her. But while we are on this subject I want to tell you that your behavior last night tried me exceedingly."

"How, aunt!" I dried my tears and summoned my recreant wits to defend myself.

"You were expressly told that a select company would be here, and that, to avoid remarks upon our treatment of so near a relative, I wished you to dress suitably and come into the parlor. Instead of this you staid in your room till a late hour, and then burst in upon us in a plain morning wrapper, and after a very slight recognition of the company excused yourself from joining us, because you wished to heel and toe Fred's stockings."

"Well, aunt, I thought you would expect some apology, and so I came to bring it."

"But did you not think of the strange impression that you would make on the minds of the gentlemen present?"

"No. What does it matter! I did nothing criminal."

"Then your employment, Margaret. Why Harriet here would be ashamed if any one suspected her of knowing how to knit stockings. But there you stood with your hand on the door-knob saying, 'Please excuse me aunt, I must toe off Fred's stocking.' O Margaret!"

I laughed, for it was rather droll, now I came to recall it.

"What else, aunt Augusta?"

"Why, you are out walking on the common two hours before fashionable people get up."

"They do not see me if they are in bed, so I disgrace no one. I can't live without pure air. I was brought up to breathe it.—I should look as puny and sallow as Harriet and Jane if I did not walk."

"Sallow! puny!" repeated both the young ladies angrily, and I saw that in self-defense I had blundered again.

"It is useless to talk," said my aunt resignedly.

"I should think, Margaret," she added presently, "that mere selfishness would make you more particular. How, with your hoydenish manners, will you ever get a husband!"

"Ah! you do not know. Why, I am already engaged to be married, aunt."

I don't know who expressed the most astonishment at this open avowal, but my aunt was manifestly relieved, and declared that had she been aware of it, she would not have introduced me to her set under false colors, but it was too late now to amend. They urged me in vain to tell them the name of my future spouse—an oyster could not have been more reticent. It was not because there is a prospect of Harry's commencing his practice here, under the patronage of Dr. B——; but I felt, aunty, that far down beneath all these impulsive exhibitions of feeling that they so quarrel with, there was a fountain of joy that a stranger must not intermeddle with. I have written to Harry that for some reasons satisfactory to myself I occupy a humble position in my aunt's circle, and begging him, if he comes here, to conceal our previous acquaintance for a time. Do you think he will? He is so straight-forward and truthful that I fear he will not consent to the appearance of deceit, and I often feel that I am acting an unworthy part. What do you think? Your own MAGGIE.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A Courtship of Aaron Burr.

In those fortunate years it was that Col. Burr paid his court to one of the loveliest of Philadelphia's ever lovely belles, and had the narrowest escape from a second marriage. They met—'twas in a crowd; and each was smitten with the other's pleasant qualities. Again, he saw her at her father's table, where his attentions were equally pointed and welcome. A *tete-a-tete*, which he sought, was interrupted by the entrance of her father, but her manner seemed to beckon him on. He was almost in love.—Summoning her father to his apartments by note, and the old gentleman appearing within the hour, the enamored one came to the point with a promptness and self-possession impossible in a lover under forty.

"Is Celeste engaged!"

"She is not."

"Would it be agreeable to her parents if Colonel Burr should make overtures for her hand!"

"It would be most agreeable."

The lady had gone to spend some days six miles into the country, and thither her lover rides the next morning, with an eager but composed mind. Celeste enters the drawing-room, though he had not asked especially for her. Conversation ensues.—She is all wit and gayety; more charming than ever, the lover thinks. He tries to turn the conversation to the subject nearest his heart; but she, with the good-humored, graceful malice of lovely woman, defeats his endeavors, and so at last, quite captivated, he takes his leave.

The same hour on the following morning finds him, once more, *tete-a-tete* with the beautiful Celeste. Conversation again.—But this time the great question was put.—To the surprise of this renowned lady-killer, Celeste replies that she is finally resolved *never to marry!*

"I am very sorry to hear it, madam; I had promised myself very great happiness, but cannot blame your determination."

She replied: "No; certainly, sir, you cannot; for I recollect to have heard you express surprise that any woman should marry, and you gave such reasons, and with so much eloquence as made an indelible impression upon my mind."

The disappointed swain received the rebuff with perfect courtesy and good humor. They parted the best friends.

"Have you any commands in town, madam? I wish you a good morning."

Two days passed. Then a note from Celeste surprised the rejected, informing him that she was in town for a few hours, and would be glad to see him. He was puzzled and hastened to her for a solution. The interview lasted two hours, in the course of which the tender subject was daintily touched, but the lover forbore to renew his suit, and the conversation ended without result. Next day another note from the lady, sent in from the country, expressing "an unalterable determination never again to listen to his suit, and requesting that the subject might never be renewed."

Late in the evening of the same day, on returning to his lodgings, the Vice President learned that a boy had been there three times that afternoon to deliver a message to him, but had refused to say from whom it came. At last Colonel Burr's servant had traced the boy to the town residence of Celeste. Early next morning the message came. Celeste requested an interview. Post haste the Vice President hied to the presence of his beloved. He found her engaged with a visitor, but observed that she was agitated upon his entrance, and impatient for the departure of her guest. At length they were alone, and he waited for her to state her reasons for desiring to see him. With extreme embarrassment she stammered out after vain attempts to speak, that she feared her note had not been couched in terms sufficiently polite, and she had therefore wished for an opportunity to apologize. She could utter no more. He, expecting no such matter, stared in dumb astonishment, with an absurd half grin upon his countenance. As she sat deeply engaged in tearing to pieces some roses, and he in pinching new corners in the rim of his hat—she all blushes and confusion—he confounded and speechless—the pair, he afterwards thought would have made a capital subject for a painter. He was the first to recover power to articulate. Denying roundly that the fatal note was anything but polite and proper, he offered to return it, proposed that it should be considered canceled, and begged to be allowed to call the next morning and renew his suit. To this she objected, but faintly. Waiving his request for a formal permission, he changed the subject, and after an hour's not unpleasant conversation, took his leave.

He now confessed to Theodosia, (his daughter,) to whom the affair had been been circumstantially related, from day to day, that he was in the condition of a certain country judge, before whom a cause had been too ingeniously argued by the lawyers. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "you must get along with this cause as well as you can; for my part, I'm swamped." But the sapient Theodosia was not puzzled in the least. "She meant," wrote Theodosia, "from the beginning to say that awful word, *yes*; but not choosing to say it immediately, she told you that you had furnished her with arguments against matrimony, which in French means, please sir, to persuade me out of them again." But you took it as a plump refusal, and walked off. She called you back. What more could she do? I would have seen you to Japan before I should have done so much."

However, the offer of marriage was never renewed. The lover was probably himself undecided as to the desirableness of the match. But between him and Celeste there was always a tender friendship, and for many months it seemed likely enough that at some unexpected moment the conclusive word would be spoken.

Senator Trumbull at Chicago.

Senator Trumbull made a speech at Chicago, the other day, which is reported at great length by the papers of that city, in which he said many keen things. Lincoln handles Douglas with gloves, and is too gentlemanly to gouge, but Trumbull throttles the Little Giant with naked hand and tears at his eyes with his long, bony fingers. He said that Douglas had himself stated, in 1856, that he had stricken a clause out of the Toombs Bill, requiring the proposed constitution to be submitted to the people.

A Voice—To whom did he make that statement?

Mr. Trumbull—He made it in the Senate of the United States, and it is reported in *The Congressional Globe*; and, sir, if you are a Douglas man—

Same Voice—I am, sir.

Mr. Trumbull—And you want to satisfy yourself that he was in the plot to force a constitution upon that people! I will satisfy you. (Cries of good, good, hit him again, and cheers.) I will cram the truth down any honest man's throat until he cannot deny it. (Renewed cheers.) And to the man who does deny it, I shall cram the lie down his throat, till he shall cry enough. (Tremendous cheering.) It is preposterous—it is the most damnable effrontery that man ever put on to conceal a scheme to defraud and cheat a people of their rights, and then claim credit for it. (Cries, hurrah for Trumbull, hit him again, down with all such men.) That is not all—my Douglas friend—that is not all. I myself, humble as I am, and making no other pretensions other than to have performed my duty to the State that has honored me by placing me in the Senate, to the best of my ability, pointed this out two years ago. (Three cheers for Trumbull were given with great enthusiasm.) I stated that it was a little too much to call a Convention in Kansas, before knowing what was the wish of the people, and then allow the fifty-two men which were to compose the Convention according to that bill to put any sort of a Constitution upon the people, without allowing them to vote upon it.

A Voice—What did Douglas say to it?

Mr. Trumbull—What did he say! He was silent as the grave, and voted for the bill. (Applause.) It passed the Senate, but was defeated in the House. Mind you, now, this was before the Presidential election. (Cheers and laughter.) It was before the thunders of the Fremont vote had rolled down to Washington, and frightened the men that were there. (Applause.) It was before the free people of Illinois had swept the plunderers from the State Capital, and installed in their places free men and the friends of free men. (Renewed applause.) It would not do to risk that policy much longer. (Great applause.)

Kansas not to be Admitted as a Free State.

It will be seen by the editorial we copy from the Washington *Union*, that the Administration is determined to punish the people of Kansas for rejecting the Lecompton Constitution. Because they would not come into the Union as a Slave State, they are not to be permitted to come in as a Free State. This is the issue tendered by the *Union*, the Presidential organ, and on this issue the Congressional elections in Ohio are to be fought. Kansas having rejected the bribe of the English bill, is to remain a territory until she has over 90,000 inhabitants. The New York *Evening Post* truly says:

We think we do not mistake the very unanimous sentiment of the Republican party, when we say that it will insist upon the admission of Kansas to the Union as soon as the people make a formal application, under a Republican Constitution of their adoption. Upon that question we are ready to go to the country at once. If there were people enough in the territory to make a state under the Border Ruffian Constitution framed at Lecompton, there are more than enough to make a state under a Republican Constitution, such as the people of Kansas themselves would frame. If it was the dictate of patriotism, as *The Union* affirms, to overlook the question of numbers, when there was a chance of giving the control of the new state to the administration, it is the dictate of a far more exalted patriotism to overlook the question of numbers when there is a chance of the people being permitted to govern themselves.

The people of Kansas have not decided to remain under territorial institutions; they have decided that they will not become a state except upon an equality with the other states. They prefer remaining a territory until they can be admitted under a Constitution that suits them. And until *The Union* can show that a preference for a Constitution that suits them, is evidence of indisposition to enter the Union, it has no right to say that the people of Kansas have decided to remain under territorial institutions.

No. The people of Kansas, over and over again, have asked admission as a state, and the only reason they are not now a state is that they are unwilling to submit to the dishonorable conditions which the slavery extensionists have sought to impose upon them.

☞In a recent speech in Parliament, Lord Brougham told the following anecdote in illustration of the folly of prejudice against color:

"Lord Lyndhurst gave me, a short time since, an anecdote of a gentleman who was connected with the Hague, and who on one occasion, received an invitation to the house of a Cuban gentleman, a negro proprietor of a large estate, where he was received with the utmost hospitality, and treated elegantly. He said he was rather entertained, when, after dinner was over, his colored host said that he was a man without any prejudice whatever; and that whenever he found a person honest, honorable, and respectable in every point of view, he held out the hand of fellowship to him, even though his color were as white as that table-cloth."

Bright and Fitch Alarmed.

It is reported on the authority of Lieutenant Governor Hammond that an extra session of the Indiana Legislature will be called on the 15th of October. The object is thus hinted at by *The Evansville Journal*:

After resisting the demands of the people for a session of the Legislature for eighteen months, the Governor, upon the eve of the election of a new body, calls the old one together just as its time is expiring. What plot is to be accomplished by this act? Do the signs of the times tell the executive clique that their influence is likely to be less in the new than it was in the old? Does the declining popularity of Bright admonish them that something must be done to confirm him in his place, and preclude the new Legislature from electing two Senators who will contest the seats of Bright and Fitch, and oust them finally from the Senate? The argument upon which they were sustained by the Senate was, that they were in truth the choice of the State, and their election was sanctioned by the people of the State. If this be proven to have been false, and their appointment be repudiated by the people in the coming election—as it certainly will be—their case will wear a very different aspect to their associate Senators, and their admission to seats will be reconsidered.—Any attempt to forestall the new Legislature should be rebuked, and if possible arrested.

☞A correspondent of *The Vicksburgh Southron*, writing from the residence of the late General Quitman, communicates the following in relation to the character of his disease:

"The General was one of the victims of the National Hotel poisoning, having dined there on that fatal day which has cost 31 persons their lives, and destroyed the health of sixty or seventy more. Since that day General Quitman has not had a well hour As soon as Congress adjourned, he has ened to his home, hoping that cessation from work, and repose in the bosom of his family, would restore him to health. The fatigue of travelling night and day exaggerated his disease, and when he reached Natchez, he was compelled to take at once to his bed.

"The marriage, a few days afterwards, of his daughter to Captain Lovell, U. S. Navy, of the "Water Witch," revived his spirits—greatly depressed by his disease—and he hospitably remained up until after midnight, to do the honors to the guests with that courtesy and affability which characterized him. The fatigue and excitement of this occasion was too much for his enfeebled constitution, and increased his malady, so that since he has not been able to leave his room. The physicians who attended him, it is said, perceive in his disease the unmistakeable signs of *arsenic*."

☞A lady inquired of one of our dry goods stores the other day for whalebone. The gentleman in attendance procured bundle after bundle as the fair customer successively rejected the articles submitted to her inspection. The whalebone was all too short by several feet, for the purpose desired. But the clerk, not to be outdone, made another search through the store in hope of discovering the article of the required longitude. He was unsuccessful, and "broke" his chagrin to the lady in a polite speech to the effect that "the extraordinary expansion of the ladies causing so great a demand for long whalebones that all the big whales had been killed and used up, and there was none out little ones in the ocean—but, madam, they'll grow!"

(From The Carpet Bag.)

Epigrams.

Epigrams prove the truth of the old saying, that "brevity is the soul of wit." Good epigrams will keep a great while; the attic salt, that is their chief component, saves them from becoming stale, read them as often as we may. Perhaps the following may be worthy of preservation:

Charles, eating ancient cheese, did say,
Like Samson, I my thousands slay,
"I vow," quoth David, so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too."

Byron wrote the following on England, and in many respects it is as applicable as when written:

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull,
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

The following, written on a glass, with a diamond pencil belonging to Lord Stanhope, conveys a delicate and marked compliment in a few words:

Accept a miracle in place of wit,
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

John G. Saxe is responsible for this, on an ill-read lawyer:

An idle attorney besought a brother
For something to read, some novel or other,
That was really fresh and new.
Take Chitty, replied his legal friend,
There isn't a book that I could lend
Would prove more novel to you.

Written after going to law:

The law they say great nature's chain connects,
That causes ever must produce effects—
In me behold reversed great nature's laws,
All my effects lost by a single cause.

Tom Hood wrote the following, which requires no explanation:

After such years of dissension and strife,
Some wonder that Peter should weep for his wife,
But his tears on her grave are nothing surprising,
He's laying her dust for fear of its rising.
Swans sing before they die, 'twere no bad thing,
Should certain persons die before they sing.

Dr. Dodd, an English writer of some celebrity, was the author of the above. We recollect hearing a wag of a school-boy, who was called upon to disclaim, recite the above soon after a lesson in vocal music, in which the whole school were made to join. To "add to the interest," the principal of the school had invited the teacher of music to remain a few moments to hear the declamations. The scholars roared, the master frowned, and thundered out, "I—I three checks, and stop after school."

Saxe, among other witticisms, says this of woman's will:

Men, dying, make their wills,
But wives escape a work so sad,
Why should they make what, all their lives,
The gentle dames have had?

THE BUSY BODY.—He labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity—save that some say, "It was a pity he died no sooner."

Judge G. B. Holt.

This gentleman having been named as the Republican candidate for Congress in the Third District, has written a letter to *The Dayton Gazette* declining the nomination. He says:

In separating from the Democratic party, to which I have given the best energies of my political life, I take this occasion to say to my old political yoke fellows that, after looking calmly at the more recent demands and aggressions of the Southern oligarchy of the Union, which not only rules negro slaves, but seeks, and not without some success, to make slaves of all laboring free men, the "mud sills" of society, to use a figure of a supercilious Southerner on the floor of Congress, and looking at the late subserviency to that power, of the politicians and leaders of the Democratic party; and after witnessing, with amazement, the usurpation and oppression of the late and the present administrations of the National Government, in their attempts to force slavery into the Territory of the United States, against the known will of the people, and to establish it there by a direct highly tempting bribe, (which, God be praised, the people, in their love of virtue, freedom, and free institutions, have rejected and spurned,) all this, too, in the name of Democracy, I am constrained to take an affectionate leave of it, even at the expense of losing the cherished name.

Again: If I were willing to be recognized as a partisan, and even desirous of the place, I am satisfied that a majority of the voters of the District have already resolved on the re-election of Mr. Campbell. They feel that the most appropriate rebuke of the outrage which they have suffered in his person is to return him to the seat to which they elected him.

They also feel anxious to administer to his competitor a wholesome rebuke for his illiberality towards Mr. Campbell in the contest; but especially, as he is a Democrat par excellence, on account of his appeal from their decision at the ballot-box to a partisan majority in Congress. Having thrice rejected him when running in opposition to Mr. Campbell, they are impatient for another opportunity. They wish to write for him at the ballot-box, to be read in Congress at the coming session, as often as he shall enter the Hall of the House, the comfortable frontlet—"MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN."

My name must not be in the way of such a consummation.

☞The individual who "stood upon his own responsibility," is to be indicted for infanticide.

CONUNDRUM.—Why is it dangerous to walk in woods in early spring? Because the trees are shooting.

☞Very few of us are fully conscious of our own defects. The hunchback does not see the hump on his own shoulders.

☞Now have the public been disputing, for these twenty years, which of the two is greatest, Schiller or myself? Let them go and be thankful that they have two such fellows to dispute about.—*Goethe.*

☞"I wish to procure the Biography of Pollock," said a student to the bookseller at the corner of Water-street, Boston.—"We have it not, sir," was the reply. "Can you inform me where I can obtain it?" "I cannot, sir; but I dare say you will find it in the 'Course of Time.'"

☞Col. Forney celebrates the first anniversary of his press, which was started on the first Monday in August, 1857. He announces himself an Independent Democrat, and boasts that his success has been unexampled, the circulation of his paper at this time being over twenty thousand.

WHYS AND WHATS.—Why is the letter D like a sailor?—Because it follows the C. What is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness?—One is the sale of effects, and the other the effects of a sail. Why does the cook make more noise than the bell?—Because one makes a din, but the other a dinner.

JOHN CHINAMAN'S ICE.—A newly arrived John Chinaman, in Shasta, California, purchased some ice recently, and finding it very wet, laid it out to *dry in the sun!* On going to look for it again he found that it had disappeared, and forthwith accused the whole Chinese neighborhood of larceny. A general riot was the consequence.

THE FIRST DEAD-HEAD.—"Who was the first man recorded in History who did not pay?" said the elder Matthews, as he was handing a theatrical order to a friend.—"Why, really, I never gave it a thought," replied the friend. 'Why, Joseph, of course,' said Matthews; "did not his brothers put him in the *pit for nothing!*"

☞A Kinderhook shoemaker once promised to have a pair of boots finished on a specified day for ex-president Van Buren, but failed to have them done when called for. In the meantime the ex-president started for Europe, and was gone three years. Upon his return he called for his boots, and was told they were furnished, with the exception of treeing out.

☞A Quaker had his broad-brimmed hat blown off by the wind, and chased it for a long time with fruitless and very ridiculous zeal. At last, seeing a roguish-looking boy laughing at his disaster, he said to him:

"Art thee a profane lad?"

The youngster replied that he sometimes did a little in that way.

"Then," said he, taking a half dollar from his pocket, "thee may damn yonder fleeing tile fifty cents worth."

DOING THE PRIEST.—An Irishman made a sudden rush into a druggist's shop, took from his pocket a soda-water bottle, filled to the brim with some pure liquor, and handing it across the counter, exclaimed:—"There, doctor, snuff that, will you?" The doctor did as he was directed, and pronounced the liquid to be genuine whisky.—"Thank you, doctor," said the Irishman; "hand it me again, if you please." The doctor again did as directed, and asked what he meant. "Och, then," said Pat, "if you will have it, the priest told me not to drink any of this unless I got it from the doctor. So here's your health, and the priest's health.